

## IN ANOTHER CAPACITY.

*Lady Violet.* "AND WHERE DO YOU GO WHEN YOU LEAVE HERE, PROFESSOR?"

*The Professor.* "I'M GOING TO JOIN A SHOOTING PARTY IN NORFOLK."

*Lady V.* "INDEED! I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE A SPORTSMAN!"

*The Professor.* "OH, I'M NOT A GUN, LADY VIOLET; I'M A KNIFE AND FORK!"

## GILDED HUMOUR.

("You find the laughter: we'll do the rest."  
Chorus of Millionaires.)

[In Montreal the Primate's party, including the American millionaire (Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN), visited a horticultural exhibition held in the Windsor Hall of that city, and in course of the inspection of exhibits the following dialogue was overheard and reported:

"Fine melon that," he (Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN) remarked, pointing to a remarkably large musk melon at hand. "Very fine melon. Ate a melon for breakfast this morning."

"Surely not a whole melon, Mr. MORGAN?" remarked Mrs. DAVIDSON with surprise.

"Oh, not the outside," replied the millionaire roguishly, "but I do eat one every morning."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

LATER in the day, Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, whose wit seems to be as inexhaustible as his resources, delivered himself of another delicious sally. The party, on its return to the cars, was regaled with tea. As the hissing urn was placed upon the table by a smiling coloured gentleman, Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN remarked, "What a life of contrasts we lead! Boiling water with our tea, iced

water with our lunch." No words could convey the extraordinarily *recherchée diablerie* with which his eye glittered as he uttered this memorable *mot*.

As Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE and a party of friends were being shown over Bourneville, Mr. CADBURY's private New Republic in the environs of Birmingham, the genial literary knight was struck by the fact that their cicerone was the only member of the party who carried no walking-stick. In reply to an observation concerning this solecism, Mr. CADBURY replied with a look of infinite drollery, "I prefer a stick of chocolate."

During a recent visit paid to Skibo Castle by Archdeacon SINCLAIR, while the dignitary and millionaire were promenading the grounds, the former drew his host's attention to an elegant building near the ramparts and asked what it was. "That," replied the plutocrat, "is my new Roman Bath," adding, with a *moue* of adorable archness, "I take a bath every morning."

When the Rev. JOHN WATSON—"IAN MACLAREN"—was touring in the States

he lunched with Mr. ROCKEFELLER at his sumptuous residence in New York. Observing that his host was engaged in personally preparing the salad, "IAN MACLAREN" asked, "Have you any special recipe of your own?" The impassive face of the great millionaire relaxed for a moment, and with an *espièglerie* perfectly overwhelming in its rich and unctuous intensity, he replied, "You may be sure that I won't spare the oil." It is stated that Bishop POTTER, of New York, who was also present, broke into such uncontrolled convulsions of laughter that he has never been quite the same man since.

When the Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS last crossed the Atlantic, he made a point of breakfasting with Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER. The genial magnate pressed his guest to take a second boiled egg, and, when he declined, observed, "Oh, you needn't be afraid of it. I never poach my eggs." The sauciness which Mr. WANAMAKER threw into this marvellously witty impromptu is said to have been quite bewitching.

## SALT OF THE EARTH AND SALT OF THE SEA.

I.—"MERELY MARY ANN."

THE instant success of Miss ELEANOR ROBSON must have been a severe shock to many enterprising managements. Not a drum had been heard, not a warning boom; no flaming poster had screamed from the boarding, no preliminary portrait from the front page of the illustrated weeklies; no unctuous interviewer had been invited to come and report on *How I created the title rôle in "Merely Mary Ann."* Her previous triumphs in America may have given her a certain quiet confidence; but, for the rest, she had the modest courage to dispense, of her own choice, with the stage-thunder of rolling logs, and leave the judgment of her merits to the uninstructed intelligence of the house.

Those who assumed that the part of *Mary Ann* would be interpreted in the manner of Miss LOUIE FREEAR were doomed to disillusion. From her first entrance Miss ROBSON showed the nicest sense of artistic restraint. Here and there in the play were hints of low comedy, but in these she had no share. Her humour and, more important still, her pathos were never underlined. And so easily did she, in the tedious slang of the profession, "get her personality over the footlights," that the audience, immediately in touch with her moods, escaped the hysterical misunderstandings which occurred in *O, Susannah!* and did not laugh lustily at passages which were designed to make them weep. This is no reflection on Miss FREEAR's methods; it is rather a tribute to Miss ROBSON's reserve, and also to the absence in Mr. ZANGWILL's work—at least in as far as this character and the first three Acts are concerned—of loud extremes.

Possibly Miss ROBSON's own genius, helped by familiarity with her rôle, made her task appear simpler than it was. Certainly on the first night the part assigned to Mr. AINLEY as *Lancelot*, the long-haired unappreciated composer, seemed vastly more difficult. Following upon the episodic performances of Mr. WILLIS, as the gay-hearted Irish journalist, and of Mr. MANSFIELD, as his fellow-lodger, a drunken medical student (it would seem that inebriation is just now in the dramatic air like the *Musketeers* and *Nell Gwynnes* of a few seasons ago), and strongly contrasted with the *bonhomie* and shallowness of *Peter* (Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER), the exalted attitude, the romantic appearance, and the rather throaty enunciation of Mr. AINLEY appeared at first to belong to another and somewhat stagey order of things. In the character of *Lancelot*, a type with which but few of the audience could have been conversant in private life, there were many elements of antipathy that required to be lived down. There was his egoism, his affected pedantry, his superior aloofness, his divine and irritating discontent, and the damning fact that he was partially made in Germany and had a superb contempt for British tunes and British standards. But Mr. AINLEY set himself with a brave and very handsome face to conquer these disabilities and, at the same time, to overcome a natural prejudice on the part of the audience for seeing him in mediæval or other fancy costume.

His earnestness for his art found an admirable foil in the easy cynicism of his old fellow-student *Peter*, who had declined upon commerce in tea, and retained, of all his early musical promise, only the knack of making popular songs for drawing-room consumption. The spasmodic earnestness of *Lancelot's* passion, which ranked third in importance to his love of himself and of his art, had also its foil in the unselfish devotion of the girl, whose bitterest pang at parting was the thought of his loneliness.

I could have wished, by the way, that her *cri du cœur* at the ending of the Third Act had not been addressed to a canary in a cage. I willingly recognise the dramatic uses of a bird like that, regarded as a minor dramatic property. It affords an excuse, and a target, for soliloquy; it delights an audience

by the almost human intelligence with which it takes up its cue and warbles in the very nick of time; and it is always a strong domestic "note." Yet it has its moments of detachment; and during one of these it makes a poor recipient of the larger kinds of confidence. I confess that I liked better the far less obvious pathos that preceded, and was lost in, this outburst of grief. As a last favour the girl had asked her lover to play to her the popular "Goodbye" song, whose banality, always nauseous to him, had become intolerable by much whistling. For once he allows his art to give way to love and pity, and sits down to play the detested air with a gentleness that only just conquers the physical revolt, while the girl listens in rapt adoration. In a play remarkable for its freshness this was the best-inspired touch of all.

Mr. DU MAURIER was admirably himself in his worldly and more prosaic phases; but when he was overtaken by romantic memories of his ambitious student-days I did not find that he conveyed any very penetrating suggestion of the musical atmosphere of Leipzig. Miss DWYER's lodging-house-keeper was a character-study above the common; and I hope that Miss MAUD WYNTER, who played the exiguous part of one of the *Sisters Trippet* with much vivacity and discernment, will soon have a better opportunity of proving her talent.

For three-quarters of its length the play deserves to be rechristened *Merum Sal*. But in the Fourth Act we are introduced to a fresh set of characters in a new world of stage-convention. Here *Mary Ann*, having sustained a windfall of half-a-million sterling, has turned into *Marian*, and lives expensively in a Moated Grange. In the drawing-rooms of real life, as I understand, the after-dinner interval is seldom notable, as with the ruder sex, for its coruscations of wit; and the conversation at Mead Manor Hall is not much better for its improbability. Even Miss ROBSON can hardly cope with her change of *milieu*, and has become merely charming in the manner formerly established by Miss MAUD MILLETT. I can only suppose that Mr. ZANGWILL, the novelist of invention, had been writing so far to please his fastidious self, and that in the Fourth Act he is making contemptuous concessions to what was expected of him as a playwright. In any case, the existence of this *Finale*, like the existence of certain members of our peerage, is only to be tolerated on the strength of its antecedents. But they are easily strong enough to assure the deserved success of the play; and indeed I almost cherish the hope that our Actor-Managers, in observing yet another triumph secured by a profession which from time to time devotes its hours of relaxation to the by-play of stagecraft, may be induced to revise their estimate of literature as the "Merely Mary Ann" of Dramatic Art. Anyhow, we may congratulate the poor drudging handmaid on coming in for a fortune.

## II.—"THE TEMPEST."

Though I have no less an authority than the Dramatic Critic of a great Evening Paper for the view that "in no play bequeathed us by the Bard of Avon are the dramatic possibilities so great as in *The Tempest*," I must still believe that SHAKESPEARE (for he it is to whom reference is made under this fresh and picturesque designation) produced better stuff in his time, and that the performance at His Majesty's will do smaller things for the poet's reputation than for that of his generous patron. The *Tempest* proper began at 8.35, and was over by about 8.40; after which a long silent pause ensued while the sea was being made into dry land. In several other cases the intervals required for spectacle-shifting were filled in with dialogue from the original text; and it is just possible that the actors, struggling bravely against the hurtling of carpentry and the importunity of the incidental music, were vaguely conscious of their mission as stop-gaps, or, at best, as a foreground to something of more value than themselves.



### TOUCHED ON THE RAW-MATERIAL.

JONATHAN. "HELLO! STARTIN' OUT TO GROW COTTON, IS HE? GUESS I MUST HAVE 'CORNERED' HIM ONCE TOO OFTEN!"

[The recurrent shortage in the American cotton crops and the forcing-up of prices by American speculators have produced so serious a depression among Lancashire manufacturers and operatives that steps have been taken to secure a Royal Charter for an Association formed to extend and promote the cultivation of cotton in our Colonies and Protectorates.]







SCENE—Tenants' Ball.

Lady Patricia. "I MUST REST A LITTLE. I FEEL SO TIRED. I'M GETTING QUITE DANCED OUT."  
Giles Junior (gallantly). "OH, NOT DAEMED STOUT, M'LADY. ONLY PLEASANTLY SO!"

This may explain why Mr. HAVILAND, in the part of *Prospero*, was not seen at his best, and Mr. BASIL GILL, as *Ferdinand*, showed little of the charm that so distinguished him in *The Darling of the Gods*. It seemed indeed that the Drama, wearing an unwonted modesty, was, for once, the willing servant of another art, in which Messrs. TELBIN, MCCLEARY, DOUGLAS and HEMSLEY more than vindicated the compliments showered upon their craft at the recent dinner given to the fraternity of scene-painters. Mr. DOUGLAS's "A Batten Waste" was an exceptionally delicate harmony of subdued colours.

When one has paid due acknowledgments to the graceful *Miranda* of Miss NORAH KERIN, the vinous humours of Mr. CALVERT's *Stephano*, the facile garrulity of *Gonzalo* (Mr. FISHER WHITE), the delightful antics of a most precocious *Cupid* (unnamed in the cast) and the charm and sweet singing of Miss VIOLA TREE as the longest and lithest *Ariel* on record, it remains to say that the one memorable feature of the play was "merely" *Caliban*. Even so, I think that Mr. TREE might have been yet more effective if his energies had been confined to dumb show and not dissipated over a deal of excellent blank verse far beyond the mental range of this half-witted monster.

Finally, I must urge all loyal friends of Mr. *Punch* to walk up and see the animated Pre-historic Peep-show in *Prospero's Cave*, if only to remark the poet's gift of intelligent anticipation. And let me warn Drury Lane and its suburban off-spring to look to their laurels in case, as one may safely predict, the run of this revival should overlap the season of legitimate Pantomime.

O. S.

#### An Application for Indoor Relief.

MRS. — wishes to thoroughly recommend her Cook, Housekeeper, and Husband as Coachman.—*Advt. in "Irish Times."*

There seems to be something worse here than a split infinitive.

FROM "EMPLOYMENT FACTS" IN "HOME CHAT."—"There is a quick return of profit and a steady income, as cows yield their milk for eleven months in the year, and hens for eight months out of the twelve."

THE winner of Queen Anne's Welter Handicap at Windsor last week was Mr. W. F. Fox's *Tariff*, by *Undecided—Disruption*. Prime Minister please note.

### "JEMMY" LOWTHER.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

THE death of the Member for Thanet, who forty years ago came to Westminster *via* York, removes from the House of Commons a notable personality. Famed in story were the Last of the Mohicans and the Last of the Barons. "JEMMY" LOWTHER was the Last of the Tories, who lived, even flourished, in days when PALMERSTON was classed as a Liberal.

His very speech bewrayed him. In this twentieth century, Borough Members, catching the SPEAKER's eye, jump up and invest debate with the flavour of a Borough Council or a Vestry. "JEMMY" LOWTHER brought to the duty of speech-making a solemnity of manner that verged on ponderosity. His sentences were each a miniature sermon. His utterance of the common phrase, "The Right Hon. Gentleman," elevated the tone of the House to cathedral pitch.

With all the solemnity of manner, the almost reverential woodenness of countenance which ancient tradition required as appropriate to the function of Parliamentary speech, there lurked round "JEMMY's" lips a smile broadly reflected on the countenance of his audience. Even when speaking on such sacred themes as Property or the Church, there was visible in brief pauses in the slowly uttered speech a slight protuberance of the cheek as if the tongue had thither strayed.

In these later days it was most delightful to watch him on his legs by the corner bench below the Gangway, taking a fatherly interest in PRINCE ARTHUR. A ruggedly honest, straightforward man, he never liked the coalition of the Conservative party with a wing of the Liberals strongly tainted with Radicalism. He admitted it was worth the price—the defeat of GLADSTONE's Home Rule scheme. But he did not like the companionship. A Protectionist from boyhood, he was not to be drawn within DON JOSÉ's personal circle even when that statesman began to hammer into the foundations of Free Trade the wedge of Preferential Tariffs. He mistrusted the Greeks when they brought presents.

The exigencies of political strategy leading DON JOSÉ into close alliance with the Dissident Liberals, "JEMMY" looked on the Treasury Bench with unconcealed distaste. The stars in their courses at the polling booth fought against him at critical times. When in 1886 his party came in for what proved a long term of office, "JEMMY" found himself without a seat. When he won one in the Isle of Thanet it was too late. The leaves and fishes were divided, the larger proportion, as "JEMMY" growled, going to the gentlemen who had come to be known as Liberal Unionists.

Some men of meaner mould would

have seized the opportunity to turn against their old political friends. With his personal popularity, his long-established Parliamentary position, DIZZY's Chief Secretary for Ireland might have made things uncomfortable for a hybrid Ministry. On rare occasions, when circumstances thrust PRINCE ARTHUR into a position not consonant with the traditions of a Conservative Premier, "JEMMY" was constrained to utter rebuke. But he spoke more in sorrow than in anger, his emotion leading him into a rotundity of phrase that blunted what otherwise might have been a damagingly sharp point.

Of late years, feeling less and less inclined to take part in what he regarded as political controversy unworthy of old Parliamentary days, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the task of denouncing the Standing Order which forbids Peers of the realm to take part in Parliamentary elections. His soul, which hated humbug in any shape, was vexed by the farce enacted at the opening of every Session, prohibiting Peers from indulgence in practices to which some were notoriously addicted.

One of his annual excursions in this field is remembered by reason of the trotting out of what experts regard as one of the best "bulls" that have had birth at Westminster. By way of showing how utterly disregarded is the injunction of the Standing Order, "JEMMY" cited the case of the LORD CHANCELLOR, who had, during the Recess, prominently concerned himself on behalf of a Conservative candidate at a bye-election. Sir WILLIAM HART DYKE, who followed in debate with intention of pooh-poohing the whole business, was evidently struck by this example of indiscretion in high places.

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," he said, reflectively gazing on the back of "JEMMY's" head, on view two benches below, "has certainly made a telling point. He has gone to the top of the tree and has caught a very big fish."

Stricken in health but brave at heart, "JEMMY" came down at the beginning of last Session to reproduce his hardy annual. Old friends who had not seen him during the Recess were shocked at the alteration in his appearance. Even after he had passed his sixtieth year he retained an appearance of almost boyish jollity that belied, whilst it added charm to, the gravity of his ordered speech. Content with moving to rescind the Standing Order, he shrank from challenging a division, doubtful whether his wrecked frame could stand the stress of taking part in it.

That was his last appearance on a scene where, as long as his contemporaries live, his memory will be kept green.

### IMPOSSIBLE OPENINGS.

*For a Railway Novelette:—*

"SPRINGING lightly into the train at Charing Cross, to reach Cannon Street was the work of a moment."

*For a Society Novel:—*

"Then you insist on your revenge?"

"Quoi, certainement," replied Count CZARNIKOW, negligently twirling his glossy moustache.

"So be it, then," rejoined Lord BULLINGHAM, and, hailing a passing hansom, he ushered his companion into the vehicle with his wonted courtesy, and cried to the driver, "To the National Liberal Club!"

*For a Sporting Novel:—*

"It was a lovely morning on the Devonshire moors, and ROLAND MONTGOMERY, negligently reclining in his butt, awaited the onset of the driven grouse with his Mauser rifle at half cock."

*For a Theological Romance:—*

"The dawn was breaking coldly in the East ere the vigil of ROBERT CLAVES came to an end. All night he had striven with the spectre of a dead Calvinism. Child of a new era, deeply read in the works of the greatest exponents of the *Zeitgeist*—RENAN, SCHOPENHAUER, BENJAMIN KIDD—he yet felt, stirring in the fibres of his being, the mysterious sap of an inherited antinomy. 'Save us,' he wrote in his diary, 'from the dualism of the relative!' The works of ANATOLE FRANCE and FEUERBACH lay scattered over the floor. Above, on the study walls, gleamed the calm proud faces of LUTHER, MAHOMET, CONFUCIUS and the BUDDH—men who each in his own way had fought the selfsame struggle, and ROBERT's face was turned often to them as if to interrogate them on their spiritual vicissitudes. At last he pushed his hair from his eyes, moved wearily to the window, and, pulling up the blind, looked out over the kailyard to the Eastern sky. A revelation seemed to come to him with the dawn. 'Predestination,' he cried suddenly, 'Free will—I see it. *O si sic omnes*.' A great light shone in his face. In the solemn silence the bells of the Wee Free Kirk began to ring for early Service."

EDITORIAL BURGLARS.—According to the *Times*, a journalist living at Teddington was burgled on the 27th ult., and lost several articles, together worth £4. This sounds less than a penny a line.

GOSSIP FROM THE HALLS.—It is reported that the Fat Girl of Bethnal Green is taking the keenest interest in the *Lena* incident.





PREHISTORIC SHAKESPEARE.—No. 2. "TWELFTH NIGHT."

MR. TEEB HURST SCHELT ALSO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF A FRENCH "MALVOLIO." THE CROSS-GARTING SCENE WOULD INFALLIBLY HAVE A WEIRD FASCINATION UP ITS OWN.

## MR. BROWN AT BREAKFAST.

## III.—ON WRITING TO THE PAPERS.

So you see, my dear, that KUBOPATKIN has had the wisdom to act precisely as I suggested. Now I will just give you a bird's-eye view of Manchuria, so to speak, and show you how the Japs will sweep . . . well, then, it *shouldn't* remind you of anything of the kind, and I do wish you wouldn't talk about the kitchen chimney when we are discussing these important matters. If you would only read the *Daily Wire*, as I've said before . . . nobody supposed you *did* take an interest in them, MARY; that's just my complaint. . . . What do you mean by saying, "It is indeed"? But even if you don't take an interest in politics—and I'm aware that it isn't everyone that has the head for them—there are plenty of other things in the *Wire* which you and ETHEL might read. For instance, there's a most interesting correspondence going on just now about "What Mars Marriages"—you might get some useful warnings out of that, my love. And all the letters are uncommonly well-written and to the point, mind you; nobody without brains can get printed in the *Daily Wire*; indeed, I've often thought of sending them a letter or two myself. . . . Very well, then, I shall just read them to you, to show you how sensible they are.

Let's see what the correspondents have to say this morning. Here is one signed by "A Bullied Wife." Makes one's blood boil—yes, boil, MARY, to know that there are such men in the world, and you may thank your stars that I'm not made on those lines. The next is by "A Worried Husband." . . . Ha! Perfectly true. He says . . . Oh, very well, I'll read you the wife's letter, if you want to hear it. . . . the—er—gist of her complaints seems to be that her husband takes no interest in domestic matters. "He will talk about nothing except public affairs, of which he knows absolutely nothing" . . . which is very different, mark you, from the talk of an—ah—exceptionally well-informed man. Of course if a man knows nothing he had better say nothing. . . . What comes next? "Only two days ago, when we had fish for breakfast that was unfit to eat" . . . Tow, what are you choking like that for? Leave the room, Sir, if you can't behave yourself . . . but, MARY, this is really a rather remarkable coincidence . . . we had bad fish—at least I think you complained about it—only a few days ago. Can these people deal at the same fishmonger's? . . . "when we had fish for breakfast that was unfit to eat, I asked him to call and complain at the shop on his way to the station. A simple request, Mr.

Editor" . . . yes, reasonable enough, that. "But what did he say? Taking absolutely no notice of the wish of her whom once he promised to love, he went on with his gibberish about German imports" . . . the very thing I was studying quite lately. . . . "As for our simple home in Wandsworth" . . . hullo! Eh? . . . "new curtains wanted in the drawing-room" . . . it is! So you are the author of this outrageous nonsense! MARY, you cast vile aspersions on your husband in the public press, do you? You fritter away your hours in reading this gutter publication instead of attending to your domestic duties! Oh, perfidious viper that I have nourished . . . What? You've been looking at "A Worried Husband's" letter, and are positive that I wrote it? . . . I can't stay to discuss the matter. There's only just time to catch the train . . . You might as well—er—destroy to-day's *Daily Wire*, my love. There's—there's nothing in it worth keeping.

## LINES TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

QUEER helpmeet, who so oft hast saved  
A thankless comrade from perdition,  
So many a toil and peril braved,  
Yet never shared his joy's fruition,  
From motives I can scarcely guess,  
I must regret that now and then  
Your conduct causes real distress  
To—quite the kindest of men.

How oft as valet, porter, clerk,  
The simpler tasks 'tis yours to ply  
(You brush my hair, I may remark,  
Quite as efficiently as I).  
Nay, prompt decisions you affect  
Sometimes where I should pause and  
doubt  
(Though often shrewdly I suspect  
You scarcely know what you're about).

Small duties I should find a bore,  
I note, you never seem to shirk,  
Thus when I ope my bookcase door,  
Get out some literary work,  
Just lay it down, and stop to think—  
What tidy instincts you retain!  
Before a man has time to wink  
You take and put it back again!

Last night, in spirit far away,  
I bade you pack my Gladstone bag—  
I had no notion, till to-day,  
That you were such a festive wag.  
You don't suppose that I can wear  
Odd stockings and a single shoe?  
White ties are useful, too—but there!  
It is no use to swear at you.

Indeed the world will rarely see  
(A paradox that sounds absurd)  
Such intimate allies as we  
Who never yet exchanged a word—  
Or I perchance should have to own  
(In case you took a captious line)

That while your gifts are yours alone  
Your weaker points are largely mine!

For if, when all is said, your name  
Some curiosity should rouse,  
You're not my first and only flame,  
You're not my fond and faithful spouse,  
No mother, brother, servant, friend—  
Ah! no, you simple artless elf,  
You are and will be to the end  
My only own subconscious self.

## A NEW NUANCE.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mirror* of September 16 "Scorched Onion" is among the latest brown tints for fashionable autumn hats and costumes. This is undeniably graphic, and suggests a world of possibilities, especially to those domesticated ladies who are in the habit of handling this emphatic edible. Is the hitherto humble onion at last about to come into its own, and to appear in various guises, scorched, baked, boiled, or deodorised, upon feminine head-gear? Where the *nuance* leads the way, we shall soon have the real thing, scent and all. The very prospect brings tears of qualified joy to each masculine admirer's eye. There will be rejoicings, too, among the adventurous Breton boys who circulate through our southern sea-port towns with *chapelets d'oignons* for sale.

The poetic person who is responsible for the introduction of this latest novelty in shades has evidently exhausted the ordinary tint-creator's gamut, and gone to Nature or to an East-End eating-house for inspiration. It is as well to have it in blunt Anglo-Saxon, as there are pitfalls in the French, whether of Paris or Bond Street. As *oignon* may mean a bunion or a "turnip" watch, there might be misunderstandings. We pause breathlessly for further developments of the modiste's colour-riot. Fashion does not stand still, and so an addition may shortly be expected to the menu in the shape of varying shades of steak, especially as we note that the high authority above quoted states that "coxcorn-red" will also be the vogue. A *chapeau biftek* would be very appetising. The expression, "I'll eat my hat," would then be resuscitated by reckless young women without fear of perjury, and the "no-batters" would go empty away. Having thrown out this suggestion, we beg leave to retire from the fray. Tint-nomenclature needs a special education, and the common but not garden writer is speedily lost in its intricacies.

THE crown of King PETER of Serbia is, after all, to be made of bronze and not of brass. It was felt that the latter metal would have been unpleasantly emblematic.



# "LOVE, BEE-YUTIFUL LOVE."

THE NEW REVIEWING.

HOW LITERATURE TOUCHES LIFE.

THE retiring authoress of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love*, although prefacing to her new masterpiece an invocation to the reviewer, does not permit her publishers to send out review copies. We are therefore unable to print a review, but understanding that there are facts concerning the work the publication of which is not seriously deplored by the authoress, we have pleasure in putting several on record.

The Readers of the First Edition, although of extraordinary size, have been exhausted. A Second Edition is, however, in active preparation.

No copies being sent out for review, the offices of Messrs. M. were besieged by reviewers on the morning of publication, waiting to buy copies. Some had waited on camp stools all night, sustained only by spirits and previous works from the same hand. No fewer than eighty tons of paper were used for this book.

The rags from which this paper was made would clothe the Japanese army.

The extraordinary fortitude displayed by Miss LOUIE FREEAR's dramatic company when weatherbound for thirty-one hours off the Isle of Man is explained by the fact that several copies of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* had been laid in before starting. At one moment a panic was averted by the Captain reading portions of the great love scene from the bridge.

If the copies that have already been sold were placed end to end in a line they would reach from Stratford-on-Avon to the Isle of Man.

If the copies that may yet be sold were placed end to end in a line they would extend right round the earth.

If the copies of the First and Second Editions were placed flat, one upon the other, in the form of a column, its height would exceed that of the topmost pinnacle of fame.

Simultaneous translations of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* were published in American, Arabian, Armenian, Pali, Romansch, High Dutch, Low Dutch, Volapük, Esperanto, Yiddish, and Manx. The Manx version was "languaged" (to use the author's word) by Mr. HALL CAINE.

Since *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* appeared, all the Crowned Heads of Europe have absolutely refused to attend to State affairs. The German EMPEROR is, we understand, engaged in preparing an operatic version of the story, which is to be set to music by the composer of *Hiawatha*.



## HOPEFUL.

Uncle Mark. "I'M CERTAIN, MAY, THAT BOY OF YOURS IS GOING TO BE A GENIUS."

Proud Mother. "OH, I SHOULD BE SO GLAD! BUT WHY DO YOU THINK SO?"

Uncle Mark. "WELL, HE'S EVIDENTLY GOT THE MAIN QUALIFICATION—AN INFINITE CAPACITY FOR TAKING PAINS!"

There is nothing like *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* in all the belauded works of the authoress's fellow townsman SHAKESPEARE.

The failure of General KUROKI's great turning movement at Liaoyang is attributed to the fact that the Japanese commander had received a set of advance sheets of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* just before going into battle, and was so engrossed in the story that he could not give undivided attention to the military operations.

The true reason of the cigarette girls' strike in the East End is their determination to let no duties inter-

fere with the perusal of the new classic.

Not a single drawing-room ornament has been dusted in Balham since *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* appeared.

At the Athenaeum Club, on the evening of the day on which six copies of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* were delivered, three Bishops, a Judge, a Field-Marshal, and an R.A. entirely forgot their dinners, and had to be supplied with sandwiches in the library at 11 p.m.

Upon the morning after publication the authoress received 183 offers of marriage, or 182 in excess of her daily average.



### "PER SALTUM."

*Cabby (observing Fare looking at his old Screw). "ONE OF THE OLD SORT, HE IS. MANY'S THE TIME, AFORE HE TOOK TO CABRIN', 'E'S BIN OVER THE STICKS, I WARRANT."*

*Fare. "QUITE BELIEVE IT. HE'S OVER FOUR PRETTY CROOKED ONES NOW."*

### CHARIVARIA.

It is announced that the CZAR will personally say Good-bye to his Baltic Fleet. This pessimism in high quarters is considered a bad sign.

There is a report that the VICEBOY of the Far East has resigned. Marshal OYAMA is mentioned as a likely successor.

A plea has been put forward for the establishment in this country of special Police Courts for the Young, as in America. It is hoped that a sufficient number of youthful criminals will be forthcoming to warrant the experiment being made.

Those who are continually crying out that the British Drama is in a state of stagnation have again been made to look foolish. A REAL PUDDING is now made in full view of the audience in the second edition of *The Earl and the Girl*.

Yet another new penny journal will shortly be issued. It will, it is announced, contain "Stories, Articles, Reviews, &c." This strikes us as a good idea.

The Canadian Minister of Militia states that arrangements are being made with the British War Office to exchange Imperial officers for Canadian officers. We understand that the only hitch is caused by the Canadians insisting on the matter being carried through on a business basis—two Imperial officers for one Canadian.

Those who held it to be mistaken policy to invite the foreign *Attachés* to view the landing operations in Essex will be relieved to hear that such as were present learnt nothing of any value.

According to *Footwear*, spats are to be the correct thing this autumn and winter. There is even a rumour that, in order to be in the movement, the name of His Majesty's Regiment of Foot-

guards will be changed to that of His Majesty's Spats.

SIR JOHN MADDEN, Chief Justice of Victoria, who is famous for his prolixity, recently delivered a judgment of 105,000 words, the reading of which occupied him seven hours. SIR JOHN kept awake during the whole recital.

The burglars who broke into a publisher's warehouse last week were captured. They had filled two portmanteaux with novels, which then proved too heavy to get away with.

We read in an article entitled "The most interesting facts about Miss CORELLI's new book," that, when all the lines in the volume have been read, the reader's eyes will have travelled "125,000 miles, five times round the globe!" There is a horrible rumour abroad to the effect that several persons are only going round once.

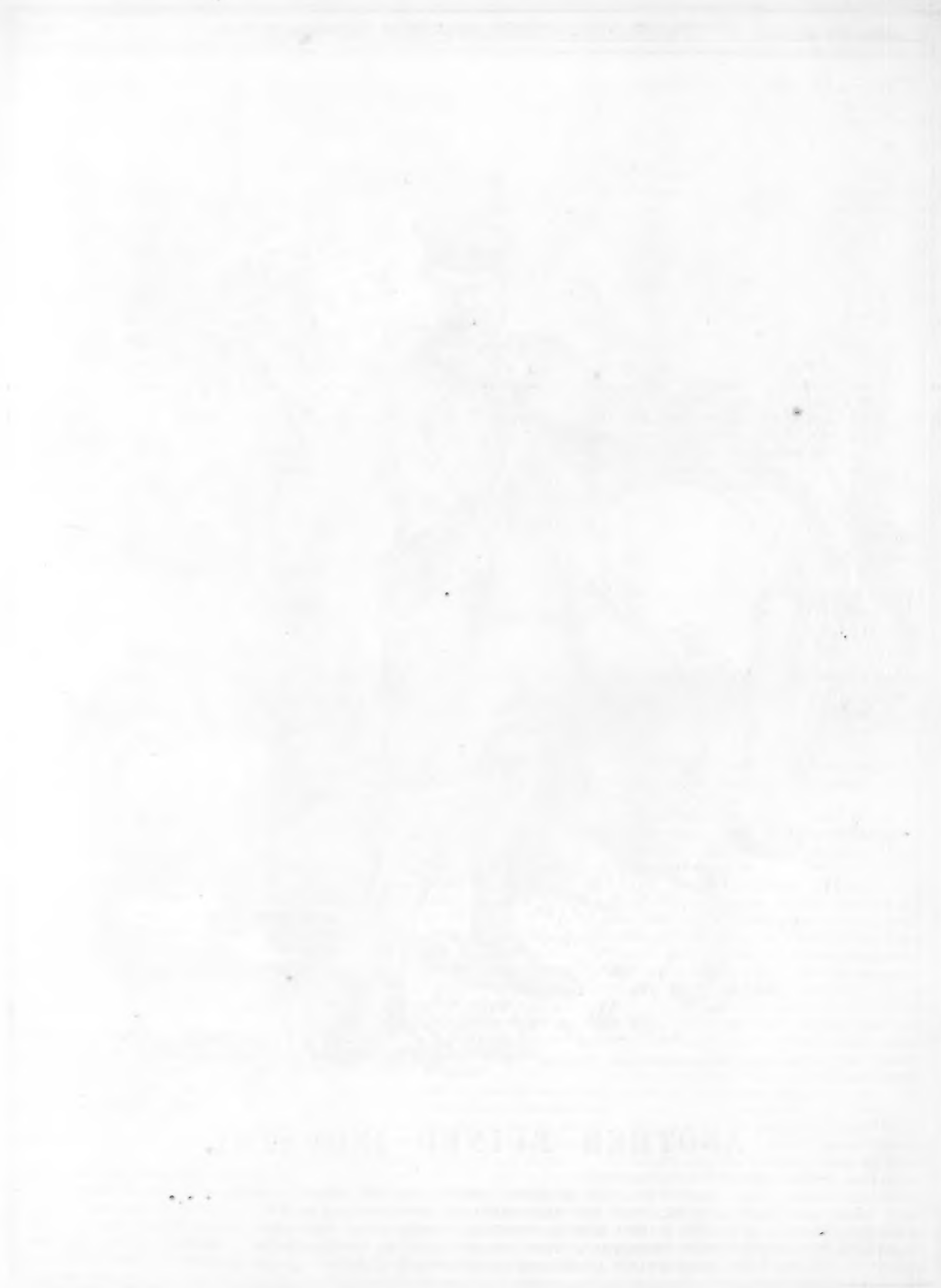


## ANOTHER RUINED INDUSTRY.

OTHELLO (*Special War Correspondent*)—

"FAREWELL THE NEIGHING STEED AND THE SHRILL TRUMP, . . .  
PRIDE, POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE OF GLORIOUS WAR!  
AND O YOU MORTAL ENGINES, WHOSE RUDE THROATS  
THE IMMORTAL JOVE'S DREAD CLAMOURS COUNTERFEIT,  
FAREWELL! OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION 'S GONE!"—*Act III., Sc. 3.*





## DRAMA BY INSTALMENTS.

ENCOURAGED by the example of Messrs. R. N. STEPHENS and E. LYALL SWETE in adding a prologue to *Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner*, after that play had enjoyed a successful run of several months, we have reason to believe that a similar instalment-system is shortly to be applied to other pieces of established reputation. The following paragraphs are anticipated from a "Drama of the Day" article which has not yet appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Additional interest was lent last evening to the superb revival of *Hamlet*, now occupying the stage of the Upper Tooting Theatre, by the fact that it was preceded, for the first time, by a new prologue, the scene of which is laid at Elsinore about three months before the commencement of the actual play, and which, as a medium for the display of some excellent acting, proved greatly to the taste of the audience. As *Hamlet, Sen.*, reigning King of Denmark, Mr. JONES fully confirmed the good impression he had already made when confined to the spectral appearances of that unfortunate monarch. His delivery of a fine passage, in which the crime of *Gertrude* and her accomplice is foreshadowed, beginning:

"Methought a spider pricked mine ear last night,  
So sharp it ached i' the morning——"

reached a high level of dramatic suggestiveness. A further happy inspiration was the introduction of *Yorick*, who, it will be remembered, is unfortunately deceased at the date of the tragedy as usually performed, thus sacrificing some much needed comic relief. It is pleasant to record that Mr. D. LENO, as the "fellow of infinite jest," fully sustained his reputation for keeping his hearers "on a roar," and scored last night a pronounced success. It is a fairly safe prediction that its new prologue will give the play a fresh lease of life.

We are in a position to state that, when the latest of London's playhouses opens its hospitable doors with *Macbeth*, first-nighters will be called upon to pronounce judgment on an important addition to that familiar work. If report speaks truly the novelty should add greatly to the interest and value of the piece, as it promises to elucidate a point which has hitherto been wrapped in some obscurity, namely, how it was that an individual with the temperament of the timorous Thane came to marry such a fire-eating spouse. The diverting comedy episode which depicts his capture by that strong-minded lady has been entrusted to the pen of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, and the many admirers of *The Manœuvres of Jane* will not need to be reminded of the suitability of the choice.



## ON EXMOOR.

Gent (very excited after his first gallop with Stag hounds). "Hi, MISTER, DON'T LET THE DOGS MAUL 'EM, AND I'LL TAKE THE 'AUNCH AT A BOB A POUND!"

With reference to the forthcoming production of a play by Mr. HALL CAINE, which the management of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, announce amongst their arrangements for next season, we learn that the author is preparing a whole series of attachable prologues, by which, should popular support justify such a proceeding, the development of his characters can be traced backwards to their remote ancestors, ADAM and EVE, while it incidentally furnishes (in such episodes as the Fire of London, the Sack of Rome, and the Deluge) those spectacular opportunities of which the directors of the National Theatre will assuredly not be slow to take advantage. In order, however, to confine the action of the piece within the three hours' traffic of the stage, arrangements are also being made whereby, as each successive prologue is produced, the last Act of the

current version will simultaneously be dropped, an innovation in dramatic art to which the style of the author is fortunately well adapted. The piece will be awaited with considerable interest.

## Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

A HIGHLY virtuous woman is a crown to her husband. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever; but don't let them be it at your expense.

True nobility is invulnerable, and still worth something in the City.

Nothing wounds a feeling mind more than praise unjustly bestowed — on another.

Melodrama may be out of fashion; but touch the balance at the bank and everyone has his Surrey-side.

## EVANESCIT!

Assigned by Fortune to a social sphere  
Where luxury is not profoundly chronic;  
Where men affect a taste for bottled beer,  
And wine is taken merely as a tonic;  
Though early taught that those who spend unduly are  
Condemned in time to taste penurious woes,  
I still observe, as something quite peculiar,  
The fatuous ease with which one's money goes.

Not mine the pampered arrogance that robes  
Its fleshly bulk in satin or in sable;  
The licence that habitually probes  
The fatted flesh-pots of Egyptian fable.  
I do not as a practice hire vehicular  
Conveyances, or keep my private car;  
Nor do I favour any one particular  
Brand of champagne, or ninepenny cigar.

I have no small but well-appointed niche  
Adjoining Piccadilly or St. James's;  
I shun the sports peculiar to the rich,  
(Polo the first but costliest of games is).  
In short, all tastes correctly deemed luxurious  
Are foreign to my unpretentious sphere;  
But still the money goes! It's really curious  
How fast the lucre seems to disappear.

A summer suit, a new bandana tie,  
A hansom (taken to avoid a wetting),  
A mild debauch at "Simpson's" or the "Cri,"  
A day at Ascot (undefiled by betting);  
A round of golf; *Aida* (from the gallery);  
A short week-end beside the silver sea—  
And lo! the balance of a quarter's salary  
Is vanished like a dream of *faërie*.

You start the morning with a sovereign, say,  
And buy some matches going to the station;  
You get your hair cut later in the day,  
And eat a cheap though well-deserved collation.  
On going home you buy a periodical,  
Or get some trifles at the chemist's store,  
And then you count your change, if you're methodical,  
And find the total sum is two-and-four.

O ye whose honorarium (or screw)  
Is one of merely moderate dimensions;  
Whose lives are cheered by looking forward to  
The ultimate receipt of old-age pensions,  
Ye too have noticed how extremely odd it is  
That wages stand in an exact inverse  
Proportion to the price of those commodities  
That day by day deplete the toiler's purse.

Dress-ties, tobacco, papers, postage-stamps,  
Umbrellas, soap—the cost of them is grievous,  
And yet without them we would be as tramps;  
Our friends would be unwilling to receive us;  
So we proceed to tap our tenuous treasures  
For carnal trinkets of a worthless kind,  
And some appear to like it, but the pleasure is  
Not too apparent to the reasoning mind.

O for a land where milky pastures coze,  
Dispersed about with tranquil streams of honey,  
Where men can do exactly as they choose,  
Nor feel the base necessity of money.  
Your pampered peers might languish in their Dukeries,  
Were there some isle on whose alluring soil  
A simple life unweaved by thoughts of lucre is  
The lot of him who has no taste for toil.

## THE WHITE RABBIT.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mabel.

"Bunbutter, Bunbutter, Bunbutter!"

It was MABEL's voice, and she was shouting as she skipped along the gravel path leading to the White Rabbit's hutch. She had a juicy lettuce in one hand and a Japanese paper-fan in the other, and she was going to have a morning talk with her little furry friend. At her heels trotted *Rob*, the sedate and wary guardian of her footsteps, and not very far off the black-and-white Cat was pacing along in a disengaged sort of way, as though she didn't really belong to the party, but had business of her own to attend to somewhere in the neighbourhood.

The White Rabbit heard his name shouted and his heart leapt within him for joy. In spite of his dashing words and all the stories of his gallantry with which he used to regale *Rob* and *Gamp* he was really rather a timid little fellow, especially in the presence of grown-up ladies. While they were talking to him he seemed *gauche* and embarrassed, but when they had gone his spirits rose and he began to imagine that he had scored a triumph and secured another victim by means of his cleverness and his beauty—that, in fact, he was a devil of a fellow against whom no girl that was ever born could possibly make any resistance. With MABEL, however, he always felt quite differently. To be sure the fact that she was only ten years old may have had something to do with it, but it was not altogether that either. There was something about MABEL that made all animals (and all human beings, too, for the matter of that) feel joyful and contented. If *Rob* had been splashing about on the reedy banks of the river, and, having got himself well plastered with mud, had then come in and laid himself down on the drawing-room carpet, and had been discovered in that sacred room and ignominiously thrashed, he knew that he had only got to find MABEL and she would forgive him directly and beg him back into the favour of the offended authorities. So he was her very faithful and devoted hench-dog, and attended her wherever she went. As to *Gamp*, the Cat, she had made a habit of bringing a first-offering of a kitten from every new family into MABEL's room as a proof of her loyal affection, and, whenever MABEL called her, she would give a short *tremolo* purr and dash off up the stairs or down the stairs or across the lawn to find her beloved little mistress. So, you see, *Bunbutter* was not singular in his love for MABEL.

"Bunbutter," she said reproachfully, as she reached the hutch, "you really are a naughty rabbit. Oh, it's not a bit of good looking so innocent and asking me what you've done. You know quite well, for I've told you a thousand times that I don't like you to scabble all your hay into one little corner of your hutch. What would you say if I treated my mattress like that? You wouldn't know it, you say, because you never come into my room? That doesn't matter; *Gamp* would know it, wouldn't you, *Gamp*, and so would *Rob*, and they'd be very severe with me. Now don't you dare to sulk, *Bunbutter*. Some day, if you are *very, very* good, you shall come into my room. It's a promise, a faithful solemn promise, so there. And now, here's your lunch, *Bunbutter*—a beautiful lettuce. Catch," and she threw it into the hutch.

The White Rabbit didn't require much urging: he set to work at once and nibbled away at the crisp leaves as if his life depended on it. "I know," he thought to himself, "that she realises well enough that I'm not an ordinary sort of animal like *Rob* and *Gamp*. She wants to try me, of course, but at least I know I shall be promoted to the front place in her favour, and then we shall see what we shall see."

"Bunbutter," continued MABEL, "I'm afraid you're a





### CAUSE FOR CONGRATULATION.

*Old Gentleman.* "I'M CERTAINLY NOT SO DEAF AS PEOPLE MAKE OUT. I HEAR A LITTLE BEE HUMMING QUITE PLAINLY!"

greedy little Rabbit, too, but of course you can't help that. Still, you mustn't be too greedy, or I shall have to take some of your lunch away from you."

She shook her golden curls at him and pretended to frown in a most determined way, but *Bunbutter* knew it was a joke and went on nibbling at a furious rate.

"*Bunbutter*, do you see this fan? What? You dare to say it's only a common paper fan? I tell you it's a most beautiful fan, and it once belonged to a Prince. Do you see the picture on it? There's a big old man sitting on a cloud and he's pouring water from a garden can on to a young man and a girl down below. I don't know how he managed to get there or how he got the can, so it's no use asking me, but there he is, you see. It makes quite a lovely poem, Daddy says, and this is how it goes:—

There's a funny old fellow lives up in the sky,  
Up in the sky, ever so high;  
And he's pouring a can-full of very cold water  
On the green man who married his beautiful daughter.  
But the green man has put up his paper umbrella,  
And he laughs 'I don't mind you, don't mind you, old fellah.'

There, *Bunbutter*, that's poetry. You're not a poet, I know, but you're very pretty, and some day, if you're good, I shall love you very much.

When the White Rabbit heard this he was so much over-

come that he actually left his lettuce and hopped to the front of his hutch, but at that moment somebody called out "*MABEL*," and his little mistress shouted "Coming," and disappeared.

### An Arboreal Atavism.

A GARDENER at Hertford has been advertising himself as "well up in all branches, . . . three years in last situation, seven years previous." No definite statistics have been kept of the prehensile endurance of our remote ancestors, but we should say that seven years on one branch must be somewhere near the record.

At a meeting of the Cranleigh Cricket Club, Mr. BRODRICK "advocated the raising of the stumps one inch to give the bowlers a chance." But the enemies of Great Britain must not rashly conclude that a similar change will be recommended in the case of our Little Brodricks.

BITTER feeling has often been provoked by a misprint; and it will be interesting to see what they say at Chicago when they find, in the *Manchester Evening News*, that their chief industrial rival is referred to as Greater New Pork.

### A LESSON IN GOLF.

"You won't dare!" said I.

"There is nothing else for it," said AMANDA sternly. "You know perfectly well that we must practise every minute of the time, if we expect to have the least chance of winning. If she will come just now—well!" AMANDA cocked her pretty chin in the air, and looked defiant.

"But—Aunt SUSANNAH!" said I.

"It's quite time for you to go and meet her," said AMANDA, cutting short my remonstrances; and she rose with an air of finality.

My wife, within her limitations, is a very clever woman. She is prompt: she is resolute: she has the utmost confidence in her own generalship. Yet, looking at Aunt SUSANNAH, as she sat—gaunt, upright, and formidable—beside me in the dog-cart, I did not believe even AMANDA capable of the stupendous task which she had undertaken. She would never dare—

I misjudged her. Aunt SUSANNAH had barely sat down—was, in fact, only just embarking on her first scone—when AMANDA rushed incontinently in where I, for one, should have feared to tread.

"Dear Aunt SUSANNAH," she said, beaming hospitably, "I'm sure you will never guess how we mean to amuse you while you are here!"

"Nothing very formidable, I hope?" said Aunt SUSANNAH grimly.

"You'll never, never guess!" said AMANDA; and her manner was so unnaturally sprightly that I knew she was inwardly quaking. "We want to teach you—what do you think?"

"I think that I'm a trifle old to learn anything new, my dear," said Aunt SUSANNAH.

I should have been stricken dumb by such a snub. Not so, however, my courageous wife.

"Well—golf!" she cried, with overdone cheerfulness.

Aunt SUSANNAH started. Recovering herself, she eyed us with a stony glare which froze me where I sat.

"There is really nothing else to do in these wilds, you know," AMANDA pursued gallantly, though even she was beginning

to look frightened. "And it is such a lovely game. You'll like it immensely!"

"What do you say it is called?" asked Aunt SUSANNAH in awful tones.

"Golf," AMANDA repeated meekly; and for the first time her voice shook.

"Spell it!" commanded Aunt SUSANNAH. AMANDA obeyed, with increasing meekness.

"Why do you call it 'golf' if there's an 'I' in it?" asked Aunt SUSANNAH.

"I—I'm afraid I don't know," said AMANDA faintly.

Aunt SUSANNAH sniffed disparagingly. She condescended, however, to inquire into the nature of the game, and AMANDA gave an elaborate explanation in faltering accents. She glanced imploringly at me; but I would not meet her eye.

SUSANNAH, however, was in good spirits, and deeply interested in our clubs.

"What in the world do you want so many sticks for, child?" she inquired of AMANDA.

"Oh, they are for—for different sorts of ground," AMANDA explained feebly; and she cast an agonised glance at our driver, who had obviously overheard, and was chuckling in an offensive manner.

We both looked hastily and furtively round us when we arrived. We were early, however, and fortune was kind to us; there was no one else there.

"Perhaps you would like to watch us a little first, just to see how the game goes?" AMANDA suggested sweetly.

"Not at all!" was Aunt SUSANNAH's brisk rejoinder. "I've come here to play, not to look on. Which stick—?"

"Club—they are called clubs," said AMANDA.

"Why?" inquired Aunt SUSANNAH.

"I—I don't know," faltered AMANDA. "Do you, LAURENCE?"

I did not know, and said so.

"Then I shall certainly call them sticks," said Aunt SUSANNAH decisively. "They are not in the least like clubs."

"Shall I drive off?" I inquired desperately of AMANDA.

"Drive off? Where to? Why are you going away?" asked Aunt SUSANNAH. "Besides, you can't go—the carriage is out of sight."

"The way you begin is called driving off," I explained laboriously. "Like this." I drove nervously, because I felt her eye upon me. The ball went some dozen yards.

"That seems easy enough," said Aunt SUSANNAH. "Give me a stick, child."

"Not that end—the other end!" cried AMANDA, as our relative prepared to make her stroke with the butt-end.

"Dear me! Isn't that the handle?" she remarked cheerfully; and she reversed her club, swung it, and chopped a large piece out of the links. "Where is it gone? Where is it gone?" she exclaimed, looking wildly round.

"It—it isn't gone," said AMANDA nervously, and pointed to the ball still lying at her feet.

"What an extraordinary thing!" cried Aunt SUSANNAH; and she made another attempt, with a precisely similar result. "Give me another stick!" she



### OUR NURSERY MELODRAMA.

Mildred (aged eight, aside). "AND TO THINK THAT THIS IS THE MAN THAT I HAVE GIVEN UP EVERYTHING FOR! IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THE DEAR CHILD, I SHOULD HAVE GONE AWAY AND LEFT HIM YEARS AND YEARS AGO!"

"Then you just try to get a little ball into a little hole?" inquired my relative.

"In the fewest possible strokes," AMANDA reminded her, gasping.

"And—is that all?" asked Aunt SUSANNAH.

"Y—yes," said AMANDA.

"Oh!" said Aunt SUSANNAH.

A game described in cold blood sounds singularly insignificant. We both fell into sudden silence and depression.

"Well, it doesn't sound difficult," said Aunt SUSANNAH. "Oh, yes, I'll come and play at ball with you if you like, my dears."

"Dear Auntie!" said AMANDA affectionately. She did not seem so much overjoyed at her success, however, as might have been expected. As for me, I saw a whole sea of breakers ahead; but then I had seen them all the time.

We drove out to the Links next day. We were both very silent. Aunt

demand. "Here, let me choose for myself—this one doesn't suit me. I'll have that flat thing."

"But that's a putter," AMANDA explained agonisedly.

"What's a putter? You said just now that they were all clubs," said Aunt SUSANNAH, pausing.

"They are all clubs," I explained patiently. "But each has a different name."

"You don't mean to say you give them names like a little girl with her dolls?" cried Aunt SUSANNAH. "Why, what a babyish game it is!" She laughed very heartily. "At any rate," she continued, with that determination which some of her friends call by another name, "I am sure that this will be easier to play with!" She grasped the putter, and in some miraculous way drove the ball to a considerable distance.

"Oh, splendid!" cried AMANDA. Her troubled brow cleared a little, and she followed suit, with mediocre success. Aunt SUSANNAH pointed out that her ball had gone farther than either of ours, and grasped her putter tenaciously.

"It's a better game than I expected from your description," she conceded. "Oh, I daresay I shall get to like it. I must come and practise every day." We glanced at each other in a silent horror of despair; and Aunt SUSANNAH, after a few quite decent strokes, triumphantly holed out. "What next?" said she.

I hastily arranged her ball on the second tee: but the luck of golf is proverbially capricious. She swung her club, and hit nothing. She swung it again, and hit the ground.

"Why can't I do it?" she demanded, turning fiercely upon me.

"You keep losing your feet," I explained deferentially.

"Spare me your detestable slang terms, LAURENCE, at least!" she cried, turning on me again like a whirlwind. "If you think I have lost my temper—which is absurd!—you might have the courage to say so in plain English!"

"Oh, no, Aunt SUSANNAH!" I said. "You don't understand—"

"Or want to," she snapped. "Of all silly games—"

"I mean you misunderstood me," I pursued, trembling. "Your foot slipped, and that spoilt your stroke. You should have nails in your boots, as we have."

"Oh!" said Aunt SUSANNAH, only half pacified. But she succeeded in dislodging her ball at last, and driving it into a bunker. At the same moment, AMANDA suddenly clutched me by the arm. "Oh, LAURENCE!" she said in a blood-curdling whisper. "What shall we do? Here is Colonel BARTLEMY!"

The worst had happened. The hottest-tempered man in the Club, the oldest member, the best player, the greatest

stickler for etiquette, was hard upon our track; and Aunt SUSANNAH, with a red and determined countenance, was urging her ball up the bunker, and watching it roll back again.

"Dear Auntie," said AMANDA, in her sweetest voice, "you had much better take it out."

"Is that allowed?" inquired our relative suspiciously.

"Oh, you may always do that and lose a stroke!" I assured her eagerly.



"I shan't dream of losing a stroke!" said Aunt SUSANNAH, with decision. "I'll get it out of this ditch by fair means, if I have to spend all day over it!"

"Then do you mind waiting one moment?" I said, with the calmness of despair. "There is a player behind us—"

"Let him stay behind us! I was here first," said Aunt SUSANNAH; and she returned to her bunker.

The Links rose up in a hillock immediately behind us, so that our successor could not see us until he had reached the first hole. I stood with my eye glued to the spot where he might be expected to appear. I saw, as in a night-

mare, the scathing remarks that would find their way into the Suggestion Book. I longed for a sudden and easy death.

At the moment when Colonel BARTLEMY's rubicund face appeared over the horizon, Aunt SUSANNAH, flushed but unconquered, drew herself up for a moment's rest from toil. He had seen her. AMANDA shut her eyes. For myself, I would have run away shamelessly, if there had been any place to run to. The Colonel and Aunt SUSANNAH looked hard at each other. Then he began to hurry down the slope, while she started briskly up it.

"Miss CADWALADER!" said the Colonel.

"Colonel BARTLEMY!" cried Aunt SUSANNAH; and they met with effusion. I saw AMANDA's eyes open, and grow round with amazed interest. I knew perfectly well that she had scented a bygone love affair, and was already planning the most suitable wedding-garb for Aunt SUSANNAH. A frantic hope came to me that in that case the Colonel's affection might prove stronger than his zeal for golf. They were strolling down to us in a leisurely manner, and the subject of their conversation broke upon my astonished ears.

"I'm afraid you don't think much of these Links, after yours," Colonel BARTLEMY was saying anxiously. "They are rather new—"

"Oh, I've played on many worse!" said Aunt SUSANNAH, looking round her with a critical eye. "Let me see—I haven't seen you since your victory at Craigmory. Congratulations!"

"Approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY!" purred the Colonel, evidently much gratified. "You will be here for the twenty-seventh, I hope?"

"Exactly what I came for," said Aunt SUSANNAH calmly.

"Though I don't know what our ladies will say to playing against the Cranford Champion!" chuckled the Colonel; and then they condescended to become aware of our existence. We had never known before how exceedingly small it is possible to feel.

"Aunt SUSANNAH, what am I to say? What fools you must think us!" I murmured miserably to her, when the Colonel was out of earshot looking for his ball. "We are such raw players ourselves—and of course we never dreamt—"

Aunt SUSANNAH twinkled at me in a friendly manner. "There's an ancient proverb about eggs and grandmothers," she remarked cheerfully. "There should be a modern form for golf-balls and aunts—hey, LAURENCE?"

AMANDA did not win the prize brooch; but Aunt SUSANNAH did, in spite of an overwhelming handicap, and gave it to her. She does not often wear it—possibly because rubies are not becoming to her: possibly because its associations are too painful.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Double Harness* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. ANTHONY HOPE breaks fresh ground and deals with the stern realities of riven households. Whether the change be pleasant or otherwise the reader will judge for himself. My



Baronite has no hesitation in expressing the opinion that this is the strongest work the author has yet accomplished. There is something courageous in the monotony of misadventure that attends the daily life of the several households whose roof ANTHONY HOPE with magic wand uplifts. They are not what is described by that blessed word Respectable—no, not one. To mention three of the leading ladies: one in a fit of passion nearly murders her child by way of reprisal upon the husband, who consoles himself with other female society; number two admits a liaison with a man from whom her husband, though really annoyed with her, consents to borrow £15,000; number three loves her husband so passionately that she elopes with another man, who professes himself in sore need of being comforted. The husband stalks the guilty couple, and comes upon them whilst waiting for subsidence of storm to enable them to reach the Uncomforted One's yacht. Viewing the situation with well-bred imperturbability, he invites his wife to come back with him, threatening as an alternative to go home alone, where he will first kill their only child and then shoot himself. Under this gentle compulsion the wife consents to retrace her steps, to the undisguised relief of her fellow sinner, who does not see any prospect of being comforted by becoming an accessory before the fact to murder and suicide. Here be promising materials for a homely fireside book.

Mr. HOPE, revelling in their exuberance, plays his puppets with the ease and skill of the conjurer who keeps four or six balls tossing in the air with regular rotation. When ANTHONY HOPE said he would die a bachelor he never thought he would live to be married, and within the term of two years write a book like *Double Harness*. Amid his reflections his experienced eye is not likely to miss the opportunity of making a stirring play out of the main episode of the novel—the story of *Grantly* and *Sybella*. There is more than one actor-manager would make a great hit with *Grantly*, a masterful character even in the printed page.

In *An Impossible Husband* (JOHN LONG) FLORENCE WARDEN has wasted time and opportunity. Imagine an American *Dora Spenslow* determined to be fast and flattering herself upon being fearfully vicious; give her a physically strong husband, of a character as ordinary as a *David Copperfield*, with just a spice of *Mr. Murdstone* in his composition; then



let an ordinary sentimental passion for her be developed by a long-haired, musically-artistic adventurer, and there are the familiar materials of Mrs. WARDEN's novel. The best dramatic situation in the story somewhat reminds the Baron of the riverside hotel scene in *The Liars*. "Pity so much cleverness should be thrown away on such work by the author of *The House on the Marsh*," sighs the Baron; "for, truth to tell, 'tis a very irritating book."

*A Dictionary of the Drama* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is a guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and of America, from the earliest times to the present. Its compilation was evidently a labour of love with Mr. DAVENPORT ADAMS. He brought to it wide information and tireless industry. His avowed aim was to provide the student and the general reader with a handy means of

reference to leading facts in the history of the theatre at home and in the United States. This design is fully achieved. My Baronite, glancing over the closely-printed pages, finds information about playhouses and their designers, plays and the writers thereof, performers and their critics, scenic and musical illustrators, the aggregate being a comprehensive digest of stage literature. Indispensable to all professionally connected with the stage, the general reader will find in it abounding interest.

In one of his latest works that has reached its fifth edition, a clever French novelist of a certain acknowledged eminence among the freest and easiest of his contemporaries in this line contrasts the habits and manners of his compatriots, where strangers and foreigners are concerned, with those of "*le gentleman de Londres ou de Liverpool qui repugne donc à s'acquiescer avec des inconnus*." His summing up is decidedly in favour of the Londoner or Liverpoolian. But reserved as either of these types of our English gentry may be, yet when a stranger, being also a foreigner, shall have been once properly introduced to him, he, the Londoner or Liverpoolian, the type of course of all other Englishmen, will welcome him with open arms to his clubs and to the bosom of his family, and will with pleasure give him introductions wherever they may be serviceable to him. In short, according to this friendly and evidently very grateful Frenchman, there would appear to be no limit to the exercise of this true spirit of hospitality on the part of the "gentleman" of London or Liverpool. This is delightful. But is this change of tone a sign of the times, or is it quite exceptional and peculiar only to this author? He writes, "*Je reviens de Londres. Pour avoir été introduit dans un club de Piccadilly, sur la recommandation d'un peintre de portraits, j'ai été successivement l'invité des membres les mieux estimés dans ce club. Commensal de leurs familles j'ai été hébergé chez tout leur parentage, lequel m'a fait admettre par les cousins et amis de sa société*." He then had such a good time of it with "*parties de tennis, de mail coach, de canotage, les excursions, les déjeuners aux innombrables cottages, et les diners priés à West End et à Chelsea*," that to obtain a spare moment for the literary work he had in hand was quite impossible. Then he frankly and boldly asks, "*Quel Anglais, en France, recevrait un tel accueil dans notre aristocratie fermée, sauf aux millionnaires, Sémites et Yankees, dans notre bourgeoisie avare et qui suppose en grognant ce que coûte la réception d'un vieil ami*." Of course he has a set-off against this in the shape of "racial defects," but this burst of generosity, the Baron considers, may be worth recording, and so records it for what it may be worth.



THERE is said to be trouble between Lord KITCHENER and the Defence Committee. We understand that Lord KITCHENER wishes to place all the regular troops of India on the frontier so as to be ready for war, while the Defence Committee holds that recruits are now so difficult to get that the risk of their loss in war should not be incurred.

CLASSIC NOTE (from our Special Correspondent at Ping-Pong-chukanoutan)—A "PAR" FOR MA.—Was not Goddess Ceres, alias Demeter, the "Universal Mother?"

Does it not seem that the title is once more revived by the Chinese in that of "General MA"?